

Nakupenda

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Summary: Janja's pretty sure the entirety of the Pridelands may have gone insane. Or, at least, Kion has, considering he's just sort of laying on top of him... / The title means 'I love you' in Swahili, according to Google translate anyway.

Nakupenda

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I do not own The Lion Guard, but I did create the Spotted Lion ship name! (Few people ever use it, idk why. It's great!)

"Go get him, Kion, you can do it!" that honey badger had said. Janja hadn't understood why Kion would need encouragement to tackle him, and honestly, he still didn't. He just wasn't focusing on that, because now, he was focusing on the fact that Kion refused to get off of him.

"You gonna get off soon?" he asked irritably. Kion's reply came when he laid his head down on Janja's chest. Janja worried for a moment that Kion could hear his frantic heartbeat, but quickly reminded himself that there were bigger worries right now.

"You're comfy. And I'm tired.

"This was utterly ridiculous.

"You can't go home?"

"Nope."

"Why not?" he asked, fully aware that Kion was toying with him. He didn't really like that, either. He'd have to come up with an amazingly _genius _plan when he got out of this.

"Don't want to," Kion said, and he could feel the lion smirking, didn't even have to look to know. Janja sighed, relenting for now, and he stared up at the sky. There were a few clouds, but not enough to signal rain. Kion probably wouldn't let him up even then, so he may as well be grateful for that.

The sound of trotting hooves alerted Janja, and he lifted his head just enough to see some zebras walking in their direction. He groaned.

"You just teasin' me, is that what this is?"

Kion looked up in genuine confusion, and noticed the zebras approaching. Kion blinked and just laid his head back down.

"Shut up. Their grazing grounds are on the other side of the Pridelands."

Janja blinked. After thinking about it, he figured that Kion really hadn't known that the zebras would walk past. Especially considering his confusion when he'd noticed them. Still, why didn't he get up and send them back home?

"You gonna send 'em back then?"

"Nope. I asked the others to take care of any problems for the rest of the day."

Janja groaned.

As they got closer, one of the zebras, Janja guessed he was the leader, paused and looked at them. He stopped, and so the rest of the zebras stopped too, and stared at them. Janja had never felt more awkward in his life.

"Do either of you know where our grazing grounds are?"

Janja stared at them incredulously. Kion lifted his head again to speak.

"They're on the other side of the Pridelands. Turn around and keep going, then turn right at the watering hole."

"Right, thanks!"

So the zebras trotted away, while Kion laid his head back on Janja's chest, again. Janja sat there in silence for a bit, wondering why anyone wouldn't question this sight if they just saw it.

"Janja?"

Just what he needed, Mzingo. He wasn't sure if the vulture would help him or ridicule him right now, but he could hope.

"Mzingo! Thank goodness!"

Mzingo gave him an odd look, then looked at Kion.

"Have you seen any other vultures around? I've lost quite a few of my friends, and we're about to start the meeting."

"Nope, sorry. Go ask Ono-"

"I'd rather not," Mzingo said flatly, clearly not enjoying the idea of asking the egret for help. Mzingo took flight and flapped away, then. Janja didn't even have the energy to groan in defeat at this point. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him.

"Am I dead? Am I really a spirit inhabiting my corpse?" he asked desperately. Kion lifted his head, yet again, and looked at him as if he were stupid.

"Why would I be laying on your dead body?"

"I don't know what you do in your free time."

"Well, I don't lay on corpses."

Janja rolled his eyes.

"Then why are you laying on me? I'm getting tired of it!"

Kion didn't meet his eyes, considering his reply. At least Janja could be sure that he wouldn't get an obvious lie, now.

"I'm in love with you."

...Actually he'd more likely believe that 'tired' nonsense.

"You can't be serious," Janja said flatly, not ready to let himself believe that.

"I wouldn't say that, to you of all animals, if I wasn't serious!" Kion snapped back, hurt in his eyes. Janja had to look away.

"Why would you be in love with me? You do remember that I'm a hyena, right?" he asked.

"Gee, I hadn't noticed," Kion said sarcastically. Sarcasm and snark made this conversation more comfortable, and Janja gained the courage to look him in the eye.

"Hey, you've been treating me like a- Wait, what do lions sleep on?" Janja's face became one of mild confusion, and Kion laughed. Janja shook his head, filing it away for a later date.

"Never mind, not the point."

Kion continued to snicker under his breath, and Janja could only roll his eyes.

"Lay off, brat. Snickering's for hyenas."

"'Brat'? You do know you're barely four years older than me, right?" Kion said with a smirk. Janja raised his eyebrows, and thought about that.

"I think we're getting off-track here," he pointed out. Kion blinked, and seemed nervous to comment on what he had just said a few moments ago. There was a silence for barely a few moments before Kion seemed to get impatient.

"Well? Aren't you going to say something? Mock me?"

"I wasn't gonna mock you. I just think it's cute when you're nervous."

"Well then- What?"

Kion stared at Janja speechlessly, his eyes wide and bugging out. Janja chuckled at the expression. Kion scoffed and looked away. Janja became aware that he could faintly feel Kion's heart racing, almost as fast as his.

"Don't joke with me like that, okay?"

"I wasn't joking."

Kion was silent.

"For what it's worth, anyway, I... I love you too."

Kion stayed silent, but looked back at Janja, searching his expression for a lie. When he appeared to believe him, he just laid his head back down on Janja's chest. Janja gave a slight laugh, but for the first time that afternoon he didn't protest.

He didn't know how long it had been before he spoke again.

"Why didn't those zebras seem too shocked? Or Mzingo?"

"Apparently, I'm more obvious than I thought. Even my _dad_ knew about my feelings... Which actually explains some awkward conversations he's had with me, looking back."

Janja decided not to ask.

End
file.